

Mrs. John  
has been ap-  
month,

THE FITTEST SURVIVES

By J. M. CONNELLY.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

CHAPTER XVII.

There was trouble that evening in the Hall household also. Early in the afternoon, while Addie was out, a telegram arrived for her, and Mrs. Hall, opening it, had the good news to communicate to her daughter, upon her return, that John was coming home. The business that took him away had been happily concluded, and he would reach New York on the morrow, the dispatch having been sent while he was en route.

The girl's position, in view of that intelligence, suddenly became decidedly embarrassing. While she felt that she "never, no, never, could forgive John," she could not bring herself to reveal to her mother the fortuitous discovery of his shameful immorality and utter untrustworthiness which she had made. She would give him up; would punish him forever, and never hear another word from his false lips. That, of course, was settled, but her pride forbade her confessing that the man she had loved so well and of whom she had been so proud was unworthy of her love. But, by a strange perversity of humor seemingly, the old lady appeared to be more favorably disposed toward John than she had ever been before.

"I'm real glad he is coming back," she said, "for I find that I have sort of got into a habit of trusting that young man and liking to see him around. Of course, he will receive your note the minute he gets home, and we may look to see him up here as soon as he can come, tomorrow evening anyway."

Addie did not want to tell that she had torn that note into little bits and scattered them to the winds within a block of John's lodging, yet she could not bear that her mother should cherish hopes which she knew were destined to meet the difficulties of the situation.

"I don't think he could do any good if he were here, mamma," she said coldly.

Mrs. Hall deliberately put on her spectacles and stared at her, as if she found it difficult to believe the report of her ears alone.

"Since when have you had that idea about John?" she demanded.

"Well, what could he do, mamma?" responded the girl evasively. "The letter affords no clue. The man either will respond to your advertisement or he will not. If he does, no John Latham will be needed to hunt him up. If he does not, and chooses to continue hiding himself, no John Latham can find him."

"I'm not so sure about that. And, moreover, I'm free to admit that it would be some comfort to me as well as to you to see John and talk to him."

"It wouldn't be any comfort to me. I don't want to see him again. I wish I never had."

"Why, Adele Miranda Hall! What on earth are you saying?"

"Well, I just don't. So there. And I don't care a bit."

And, doubtless as conclusive evidence that she did not care, she burst into tears. The old lady, meditatively rubbing the side of her nose with a long forefinger, pondered and gave time for the outburst to subside. Then she said gently and with a little trembling in her voice:

"You are all that the Lord has seen fit to leave to me, Addie, and it makes me a little afraid sometimes to think that maybe I love you better than I should; that I'm prouder of my noble, pure souled, beautiful girl than I ought to be, and that, without meaning it, I may be putting the creature before the Creator in my affection and calling down an awful chastening judgment upon myself. If I have sinned, it is through my sin that my punishment will come to me, and may God grant me strength to bow to his will. But do not make me suffer in suspense, my child. Tell me the reason for your sudden change of feeling toward John Latham. What has he done? Why do you say that you never want to see him again?"

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed the girl, laying her tearful face upon her mother's shoulder, "I hoped I would not have to tell you, but I believed him so good, and—and—I was wrong."

The old woman's face grew very pale, her lips quivered and the tears filled her eyes. She could not speak, but one arm stole around her child's form with a caress that conveyed a mother's pardon and unalterable love. That tenderness melted away the slight barrier of reserve that had stood in the way of perfect confidence.

"When I went to leave that note where John lives," Addie sobbed, "I understood from the servant who opened the door, and who speaks hardly any English, that he had got home and was there at the time. I thought it would be better for me to see him, if only for a moment, so I ran up and knocked on his door, and—and—I found another girl there, a bold creature, who appeared to be at home. And I never want to see his face again."

"And—is that all?"

"All! Isn't that enough? That I should have been deceived by him so shamefully!"

The revelation of feeling so overcame the anxious mother that she hysterically laughed and sobbed at once, trembling like a wind tossed leaf. Addie, who did not at all understand her extraordinary excitement, was terrified, and cried:

"Mamma! Mamma! What is the matter?"

She dabbed the old woman's face with cologne, fanned her mouth with water, fanned her, and ere long had the relief of seeing the violent symptoms pass off in a fit of gentle weeping, and then in smiles.

When again she could trust herself to speak, the good mother affectionately patting her daughter's head and caressing her, said:

"Do not, upon possibly delusive appearances, sacrifice your own happiness, my child, by continuing to harbor the man you love. When John comes, will you welcome him and let him speak for himself, and something tells me you will love him none the less for anything he has done."

Addie shook her head doubtfully. She would have liked to believe in John

CHAPTER XVIII.

Chester Sewall started with a fright at sight of the white, haggard countenance that looked out at him from the mirror when he turned the gas up in his room. Even the lips were bloodless, and the eyes dilated, as if by horror. Confronting that ghastly reflection, he raised his hand to throw back the hair that, matted with perspiration, clung to his brow. There was blood upon the palm.

He staggered backward and sat down, faint, shuddering, cowering. The feeling still haunted him that there was an invisible presence just behind his shoulder, and, hurriedly shifting his chair so that he could sit with his back squarely against the wall, he cast a furtive glance about him. He was alone. The door locked, the window shade drawn down, the gas burning brightly—what folly to be so unmannish by a silly superstition!

But he would think of it no more. That which was done was done and could not be undone. He had not intended it, and, since fate had so ordered it, let fate assume the responsibility.

The practical thing for him to do now would be to destroy the evidences of his involuntary crime. He dragged from his pocket the handkerchief with which he had wiped what blood he could from his fingers and thrust it among the glowing coals in John's stove. The overcoat pocket in which he had concealed that ensanguined hand was strained with blood. He cut it out and burned it also. Then he very carefully washed his hands and poured the reddened water slowly among the ashes in the bottom of the stove.

Not until now did he observe on his table a letter that had arrived during his absence. It was from John Latham, written at St. Louis and dated three days before. In it the writer said:

"I have just returned this far from Tennessee and snatch a moment to send you an important pointer. If Wall Street has dealt kindly with you in my absence, so that you have means to operate with, I would advise you to go your length on Memphis and Southwestern. It is an apparently dead stock now, but a certain authoritative report, that I shall have to make when I get back, will send it up like a rocket. I am violating implicit requirements of secrecy perhaps in telling you this, so you will keep it strictly to yourself under all circumstances. I am anxious to help you, but must not be known as doing so. Do not neglect to take advantage of the chance, for it is a sure thing."

What a bitter mockery it was, Chester thought, that such an opportunity should have come to him only after he had been utterly bankrupt in pocket, hope and soul! How different would be his position now had the happy accident of such information come to him when he first plunged into stock speculations, when he had \$5,000 to invest. It would have made him a rich, honored and happy man today instead of a beggar, a thief, a murderer.

Hisself recognition as a thief brought back to him remembrance of the wallet he had abstracted from the dead man's breast, of which he had not thought since taking it until now. He plucked it from his pocket and opened it. The contents almost took his breath away with surprise. They were only five bank bills, but four of them were of the denomination of \$500 each and the fifth was of \$1,000.

Why, with this sum, he thought excitedly, and the "pointer" he had just received he could avenge himself upon Wall Street and make a fortune at a single dash. Then he would marry Irma. She nor no one else need ever know he had accidentally killed her father. These thousand dollars? No, it was the seed of millions that reluctant fortune had thrust into his hands.

His transports ceased suddenly and he sat pale, trembling, as if a specter had risen before him. Could he dare to use that money? Prudent men, he was well aware, made a habit of recording the numbers of large bills passing through their hands, and if Banker Willmarth did so—as was to be expected of a man so methodical in his habits—this money might be a fatal trap. His confidential clerk might be able to give the numbers of those five bills to the police, and the person who should attempt to pass one of them would be seized, convicted, hanged for murder! By the way, was that the only danger to be feared? What if the banker should not have been quite dead—if he should even now be so far recovered as to be directing the police? But no. That could not be. The old fellow's head struck the jagged rock with such force as must have split his skull and killed him outright. Oh, yes, he must be thoroughly dead, thank God!

Notwithstanding his perturbation and mental distress the thought flashed upon him:

"What an anomaly! Thanking God that a murder has been successfully perpetrated. Well, why not? We thank God for the good we receive—regardless if our good has been the harm of some other person—and surely the getting of that money is a great good to me. At least it would be if I could be assured that the numbers on those bills would not denounce me."

That brought him back to the starting point in his hideous circle of necessity. His torture was that of Tantalus. Fortune, all he had ever dreamed of and done, smiled alluringly at him, and he did not dare to take the first step toward possessing her. Starvation threatened him, for he literally had not a penny—nothing but those monstrous bills—and he was fearfully hungry, hungry, he thought, than ever before in his life.

If he could only know what happened when the discovery was made. Perhaps the morning papers would give some hint about the bills. He would have to see them before risking anything. Through the long hours until dawn he sat up, not daring to go to bed, and pondered upon his situation. The fire in the stove burned out, the room grew cold and the chill made his sense of physical discomfort almost as keen as his mental torture. Nineteen hours had passed since he had tasted food, and his experiences in that time had so exhausted him that the lack made him weak and nervous. The fancy

that something was behind him returned. An unfastened window shutter swung in the rising morning wind, and his rusty hinges made a noise like a shriek, causing him to start and cry out. He felt as if he must go mad if this strain continued much longer.

At length he heard the newsman come up the steps and poke under the hall door the morning papers for a lodger who would not wake for hours yet. Leaving his door open that the hall might be lighted up, he slipped down stairs, shuddering at each creaking step, clutching the papers and returned swiftly to his room. He had the three leading morning journals, and taking them together could be pretty sure of knowing all the reporters had been able to find out.

The accounts were meager, owing to the lateness of the hour at which the body had been stumbled over by a policeman. Death appeared to have been caused by a frightful gash on the back of the man's head, produced evidently by his falling upon a jagged, sharp rock, but there was no reason to suppose his fall an accident. A great bruise on the face showed that he had been knocked down, no doubt for the purpose of robbery. His valuable watch and a considerable sum of money were untouched in his pockets, but that fact simply went to show that the assassin, after tearing his clothes open to plunder him, had been alarmed by something and had fled.

All was as the murderer could have desired except that one account closed with the sentence:

"The police have a clew to the assassin, and believe they will be able to arrest him today."

Not happening to know the utter emptiness of that stereotyped phrase—the preliminary to characterizing the crime "an inscrutable mystery" when the murderer was not caught in the prescribed time—Chester Sewall was horrified. Its meaning to him was the realization of his worst fears. The large bills had been missed and were expected to serve as the clew!

In fancy he already saw the gallows looming up before him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Michael McCaffrey was a man of deeds as well as words—when the danger of doing was not conspicuously great—and had not vowed revenge upon Mr. Willmarth without meaning to strive for it.

"I'll make it cost him \$1,000 more for every day he keeps away from me," he swore, "and maybe if he gets me mad I'll go over to the other side, and what will he do then? Ahn!"

But he would give fair warning—where it was his interest to do so. Hence it was that at an early hour in the morning of the day succeeding the murder his granddaughter Kitty made her appearance before the late Mr. Willmarth's residence as bearer of a message to him who had so suddenly gone beyond the reach of all messages. She was somewhat surprised to see a number of persons on the sidewalk staring at the house with the morbid curiosity common to a certain large class of street loungers and a policeman standing at the foot of the steps, swinging his club. No suspicion of what had occurred entered her mind. Newspapers were not read in her house. Their only use there was to wrap something in or to light a fire. So she stared with wonder at the gaping mob and felt impelled by hereditary instinct to run away at sight of the officer. But, on second thoughts, she was more afraid of her fierce old grandfather than of the policeman, and did not dare to fail of delivering his message, so she started to ascend the great stone steps up to the big front door of the imposing mansion.

"Hi! Hold on there. Where are you going?" demanded the policeman.

"Up the steps," retorted Kitty pertly, though with inward quaking.

"Edna whether 'yare or not. What do you want?"

"I've a letter for Mr. Willmarth, sir," she replied hesitatingly, showing it in her hand.

The man stared at her, reflected a moment, and then jerking his thumb in the direction of the door ejaculated:

"Gwan."

She understood the order, and lost no time in obeying it.

The door gave her a new surprise by swinging open as she reached it before she had time to touch the bell, and as she stepped inside quickly closing behind her. A policeman in uniform, a ward detective in plain clothes and the captain of the precinct—a pretensions being of whose kind she had been accustomed to stand in awe ever since she was old enough to know a policeman from a goat—confronted and surrounded her. She trembled.

"Now, then, what do you want here?" demanded the captain.

"If you please, sir, I don't want anything."

"Then what are you here for?"

"I've just brought a letter for Mr. Willmarth, sir. That's all."

This unceremonious jostling of death by life thrilled each of the three men and made them look at each other silently. Evidently the girl knew nothing of the tragedy. The detective was first to look for a possible advantage in her ignorance.

"I hardly think you can see him just now," he said in a friendly, reassuring tone. "He had a little trouble, and is very much engaged at present."

Kitty did not know what to do.

"My grandfather," she said, "told me to be sure to give the letter into Mr. Willmarth's own hand."

"I'll ascertain if you can see him," offered the captain, graciously stepping into the parlor out of sight, but remaining near the door inside to listen.

The uniformed policeman, apparently peering out through the tinted panes of glass at the side of the door, affected to be absorbed in observation of what was going on in the street. Kitty was made to feel that she was practically quite alone with the friendly detective, whose official character was of course unknown to her. He repeated the conversation:

"So the letter is from your grandfather?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. And he'll be wanting to beat the life out of me if I don't take him an answer back. He was tearing mad last night with waiting up until 12 o'clock expecting Mr. Willmarth, who never came, and he's like a devil let loose this morning, sir."

"Oh, that's the way with these big bugs. They never care how much they make other people wait. But I take notice they don't like it when they are kept waiting themselves. It was no doubt a matter of important business for your grandfather to see him last night, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. He was to pay grandfather a lot of money."

"So! What do you call a lot?"

"Well, I don't rightly know how much it was, but it was thousands I heard them talking about."

"Then? Who? Your grandfather and Mr. Willmarth?"

"Oh, no, sir; grandfather and my father, sir. Mr. Willmarth didn't come."

At this juncture the captain stepped out of the parlor again, and addressing her pleasantly said:

"Mr. Willmarth is not able to see you, but you can give me the letter and I will take it in."

She did not even think of hesitating about compliance with an order from the captain and promptly handed over the letter, with which he again retired. Inside the parlor door he tore it open and read:

Dear Willmarth:

You have broken your word to me. Maybe you think you can defy me, but you can't. I'll make it cost you dearer yet. It's set \$2,000 you pay me today, but \$4,000 and tomorrow it will be \$5,000. You know well that I can get as good from the other side for what I'm able to tell, and it will be well for you not to push too far the patience of

MICHAEL MCCAFFREY.

A verbal reply was given to Kitty, conveying the impression to her mind that the matter upon which her grandfather had written would be attended to by Mr. Willmarth immediately, and she was sent home, an officer seeing her through the crowd and well on the way to prevent her being spoken to by any one in the mob who might have imparted

ed an inkling of what had happened. When she thought she was left to go alone, after the officer turned back, she was much mistaken. She was "shadowed" all the way, and her father and grandfather were, without their knowing anything about it as yet, put under strict police surveillance at once.

Kitty's appearance upon the scene explained what had previously been a puzzle for the police—viz, "Why should Banker Willmarth have been at so late an hour in that remote part of the city where he met his fate?" The reporters, too, had been puzzled over that question, and offered various suggestions, more or less preposterous, to answer it. One sensational paper exploited, with great effect, a pretense of exclusive information concerning the mystery in which a married woman and a jealous husband played important parts.

The customary endeavor by the police to keep correct information from the reporters was of course made, with the usual measure of success. As in all such cases, there was a leak somewhere through which trickled just enough that was true to serve as a substantial foundation for hypotheses which were all false. Thus it was that somehow the name of Michael McCaffrey got into print, as in mysterious and indefinable way, linked with the nocturnal wanderings of the banker, and the paper originating the "married woman and jealous husband" rumor even went so far as to promise "an interview with Mrs. McCaffrey" in a later edition. To the general public that name had no particular significance, but it was as an electric light flashing out upon a dark night to a young man on a railroad train, homeward bound toward New York, when it met his eye.

CHAPTER XX.

It was among the telegrams in a local paper, purchased en route, while passing through Pennsylvania, that John Latham first read of the murder of the banker, Richard Willmarth. The killing of so rich and prominent a citizen, the apparent boldness of the crime, and the mystery thrown about it in the earlier publications of the event, made the news of such interest that it was given prominence in all the dailies of the country. But comparatively few of those to whom the knowledge was brought could have felt such interest in it as John Latham. How, he asked himself, would it affect the fortunes of his friend, Chester Sewall? Would Irma

(Continued on third page.)

Statue of Copper Plate.

A colossal statue of St. Fidelio has recently been erected upon the People's Tower at Palazzo, a small city, between Brescia and Bergamo, in Lombardy. While the statue measures not less than 24 feet in height, its weight is only 1700 pounds. It is made of brass, the statue could not have weighed less than fifty tons. The fact is of the greatest importance, since the statue is erected upon the top of the dome of the great tower, at a height of 350 feet above the ground. The statue is made of galvanized copper, and has shown what artists and architects can do with an intelligent employment of electro-plating.

The statue was modeled in clay by Sculptor Antonio Ricca. The shaping of the galvanized copper plates took place in the electro-plating establishment of Count Vittorio Turati, in Milan. The work of the sculptor was first modeled in plaster, full size, the mold being then divided into seventeen parts. Each of the pieces was then covered with a layer of plumbago and placed successively into the galvanic bath. To facilitate the deposit of copper upon the plaster a net of autolite wire, shaped to the form of the surface to be reproduced, was placed quite close to the form itself, and a number of small pipes kept it at even distance from the plaster form. The bath consisted of a solution with a base of sulphate of copper. Once the first layer of copper was deposited upon the mold, the metallic net was taken away. In a few days the more delicate parts, however, the wire net was allowed to remain, and was thus entirely covered by galvanized copper, so that it remained a sort of strengthening armature to the piece itself.

The duration of the plating process was from ten to twelve days for each piece, and in some cases more; the intensity of the current was regulated in such a way as to obtain a metallic cover of great cohesion. The thickness of the metallic surface deposited is on the average four millimeters. The surface of the statue which had to be covered with copper is in the neighborhood of 400 square feet. The electric current necessary for the plating was generated by a dynamo of 600 amperes, at a tension of from four to six volts, and a four horsepower gas motor furnished the power. The cost of this work is considerably less than if it had been cast in bronze. The expense averaged \$2 to \$10 per kilogramme (80 c. to \$1 per pound), or about \$1000 for the entire statue.

The Old World's Old Folks.

A German statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the Old World. He has found, for instance, that while civilization does not favor the greatest length of life. The German empire, with 65,000,000 population, has but 75 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with over 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their hundredth birthday; England has 145, Ireland 678, Scotland 40, Denmark 2, Belgium 6, Sweden 10, and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Sweden does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with about 18,000,000 population, has 401.

The most amazing figures found by the German statistician, says the New York Sun, came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Serbia has 675 persons who are more than 100 years old, Rumania 1084 and Bulgaria 883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian to every thousand inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone, there died in Bulgaria 550 persons of more than 100 years. In the Balkan States, moreover, a person is not regarded as on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Serbia, there were in 1883 some 250 persons between 100 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 125 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140.

Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian 190 years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is then, in his opinion, Branno Cotrin, a negro born in Africa and now resident of Rio Janeiro. Cotrin is 160 years old. Next to him comes an elderly retired Moscow citizen, named Kuslin, who is in his 140th year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is 150 years old, but neglects to give her name or address, possibly out of courtesy, or perhaps in view of the extraordinary figures which came to his hand from the Balkans, he thought a subject only 130 years old was hardly worthy of particular mention. [Selected American.

The "Russian Thistle."

The so-called "Russian thistle," or "unbloomed," has found its way to the vicinity of Chicago, as it was sure to do sooner or later, and is causing no little annoyance to the farmers of northern Illinois and Indiana. It came, of course, along the railway lines with the stock-cars, and great patches of it are now found on the outskirts of the city. It first got a foothold in this country over twenty years ago, having been brought by some Russian colonists who settled in the Northwest, and began to spread itself over a dozen other states and territories. It is a pest that promises to make more trouble than the Canada thistle ever did. Already it causes a loss of several millions annually to the farmers of the Northwest, and its ravages are increasing every year. Thus far science has been appealed to almost in vain, for some effective means of getting rid of this extremely unwelcome immigrant. [Harper's Weekly.

Cooking Cabbage Without Odor.

Many housekeepers decline to have cabbage cooked in their kitchens because of the disagreeable odor with which the vegetable fills the house. If the servant would but obey the following directions, this objection would be reduced to a minimum. In the first place the saucapans should be the largest the menage affords, and must contain enough water to entirely cover the cabbage. This saucapan must be placed on the hottest part of the range and the water be at a galloping boil before the cabbage is put in, and must be kept at a boil until the vegetable is done. Last of all the lid must not be put on the saucapan during the whole process of cooking.

Growth of Europe.

The "European Economist" publishes some facts with regard to the growth of population in the various countries of Europe during the decennial period 1855-65. The aggregate increase was 29,922,870. Some examples have advanced greatly. For example, Russia added 12,518,800 to her existing population; Germany, 4,522,600; Austria-Hungary, 3,500,000; Great Britain, 2,432,400; Turkey, 1,400,000, and France, 67,100.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

Business Cards.

## Traveler's Directory.

## Fall River Line

For New York the South and West.

Steamers FRISCO and PURITAN in commission. A fine orchestra on each. Leave Newport, week days at 9:15 p. m. Sundays, 10:15 p. m. For New York, 7:00 a. m. RETURNING from New York, steamers leave Pier 15 N. R., foot of Murray street, week days and Sundays at 5:30 p. m. Eastward steamers leave Newport at 8:15 a. m. For New York and Boston. Dispatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent. O. H. Taylor, Gen. Pass. Agent, New York. J. H. Jordan, Agent, Newport, R. I.

## PROVIDENCE, FALL RIVER &amp; NEWPORT STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

On and after June 14, leave Newport for

## PROVIDENCE

Week days 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sundays, 8 a. m. 10:10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Leave Providence, week days, 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. 2:10 and 5 p. m. RETURNING from Providence, steamers leave Pier 15 N. R., foot of Murray street, week days and Sundays at 5:30 p. m. Eastward steamers leave Newport at 8:15 a. m. For New York and Boston. Dispatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent. O. H. Taylor, Gen. Pass. Agent, New York. J. H. Jordan, Agent, Newport, R. I.

## NEWPORT AND WICKFORD

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1896.

Leave Newport, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Leave Wickford, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Leave Newport, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Leave Wickford, 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD. Old Colony System. Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Sunday, June 14, 1896, trains will run as follows: For Boston, Park Square, week days, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m. For New Haven, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m. For Hartford, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m.

For Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

On and after Tuesday, June 18, STEAMER CONANICUT WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Newport, 8:00, 8:45, 9:15, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. Leave Providence, 8:00, 8:45, 9:15, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. Leave Newport, 8:00, 8:45, 9:15, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. Leave Providence, 8:00, 8:45, 9:15, 10:30, 11:45 a. m., 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

## New York, New Haven &amp; Hartford Railroad.

## Old Colony System.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Sunday, June 14, 1896, trains will run as follows: For Boston, Park Square, week days, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m. For New Haven, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m. For Hartford, 7:05, 8:20, 10:40 a. m., 3:20, 4:40, 6:10 p. m. Return, 6:45, 8:15, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 5:15, 7:45 p. m.

For Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington Express, see Harbor Line. For Baltimore, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For Philadelphia, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. For New York, 8:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m.

## NEWPORT STONE WORKS.

(H. G. BURNS, Prop'r.)

## GRANITE WORK

of every description, including all kinds of

## BUILDING &amp; MONUMENTAL WORK.

A good stock of BLUE STONE constantly on hand.

42 Long Wharf, (next to Whittier Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.)

## NEWPORT Transfer Express Co.

Sole agents consignments of Freight.

Piano Moving a Specialty.

The only express checking baggage at residence to destination.

Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 30 Bellevue Avenue BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

E. B. HARRINGTON, Treasurer and General Manager.

## FISTULA

ROBERT M. REED, M. D.

## Clothing.

## JOHN ALDERSON,

## MERCHANT TAILOR.

17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

Specialty. Alterations of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-25

## Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

## Fall and Winter Woolens

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. We do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

## McLENNAN BROTHERS,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## H. D. SPOONER,

## TAILOR,

## Removed

—TO—

233 1-2 Thames Street.

## LOOK! LOOK!!

## Farmers and Gardeners.

Having again secured a large stock of

HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

## Garden and Vegetable Seeds

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place in Newport where these superior seeds can be obtained. All orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

## ONION SEED AND SWEET CORN,

which are pronounced the best in the market.

## A. A. BARKER,

Dealer in Groceries, Grain, Farming

Utensils, &amp;c.

162 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

## PROV. BLANK BOOK MANFY

REAR OF POST OFFICE.

BY CUSTOM HOUSE ST., PROVIDENCE

Blank Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand

or made to any desired pattern. Book Binding, Paper Rolling, Edge Cutting, Gilt Lettering, Machine Perforating and Paper Cutting.

H. M. COOMBS &amp; CO.,

Binders of the State.

## SHELF PAPER

ALL COLORS. BEST QUALITY

GEO. H. CARR'S,

172 Thames Street

## PATENTS

Careful and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. PATENT OFFICE, and we secure patent in less time than elsewhere.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if it is novel, and if so, we will secure a patent for you. Our fee is not paid until the patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with full list of cases in the U. S. and foreign countries, sent free.

C. A. SNOW &amp; CO.

Opp. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Ozomulsion

is a perfect food for invalids. It is also a

medicine. It contains Ozone and

Guaiacol. These make it a perfect food

and a perfect medicine. It is the best

thing that nature has ever given. It is

the only thing that can be taken in

the form of a food. It is the only

thing that can be taken in the form of

a food. It is the only thing that can

be taken in the form of a food. It is

the only thing that can be taken in the

## THE FITTEST SURVIVES.

(Continued from second page.)

William, presumably free now to follow the bent of her own inclinations, toward the constant affection of her lover by making him her husband at an early day as propriety would permit? Or might it be that her obstinate father had found some ingenious legal device for still constraining her to his will? There was also just a possibility—by no means probable, however, he reflected—that the sudden acquisition of independence and control of great wealth might modify her ideas of the desirability of matrimony. At all events, he concluded, the sudden death of Mr. Willmarth was most likely to prove a rather fortunate thing for Chester, particularly if he should take exactly the right course of action. That the young man would do so without better guidance than his own John doubted, and he was consequently impatient to get home and offer such counsel and aid as might appear to be required.

To the time of his reaching Trenton, hardly an hour's ride from New York, each train of thought in John Latham's mind connected with the subject of the Willmarth murder had Chester Sewall's interests for its objective point, but there he obtained an afternoon paper, in which he read:

"It is now known that Mr. Willmarth was going to see a man named Michael McGaffrey when he met his death. The discovery of this fact was a triumph of detective genius. It puts in the hands of the police the key for elucidation of the mystery. The ends of justice compel the suppression of details for the present. No arrests have yet been ordered, but they can be made at any moment and are hourly expected."

Going to see Michael McGaffrey! Mrs. Hall had not confided to him the name of the man who so deeply wronged her husband, or even given a hint that might suggest his identification, but John Latham knew it now. Richard Willmarth was the man! And it was in going to a meeting with his former accomplice or tool that he had met death! Well, if this was not "poetic justice" it would be difficult to say what might be.

Willmarth the man? Of course he was. The unscrupulous, resolute selfishness and avarice which were popularly recognized as his dominant characteristics would have qualified him for such a deed as the widow alleged, and his power of wealth and influence were such as would justify her dread of awaking the antagonism of her unnamed enemy until she was sure of the weapons with which to meet him. And now, as an added proof, if one were needed, the name of his long hidden accomplice in crime, Michael McGaffrey, cropped up, linked with his in close and secret association.

By the time his train had reached Jersey City Mr. Latham had clearly planned his course of procedure. Travel stained and weary as he was, he determined upon going into action at once, without waiting even to consult his principal, Mrs. Hall. Sending his valises home by express, he jumped into the first hack that presented itself on the New York side of the ferry and ordered himself taken with all possible speed to the station house of the precinct in which Mr. Willmarth had lived. Chester Sewall's interests and his relations to the Willmarth family were, for the time being, forgotten. The widow Hall's concerns took precedence of everything else in John's estimation just then. He wondered if she knew that McGaffrey had come to light or was likely to be made to do so. Of course she must have been informed by the morning papers that Willmarth was dead, and no doubt took it for granted that in his so escaping her long prayed for vengeance her hopes of attaining justice were extinguished. Probably she would not see the evening paper at all. It was his impression that she did not read evening papers. Should he telegraph to her? No, he decided that he would not until he had accomplished something.

His cogitations were interrupted by the stopping of the hack at the station house door. The police captain received Mr. Latham courteously and heard with manifest interest the frank statement he made of his reasons for desiring an immediate interview with Michael McGaffrey, for whose address he asked.

"I have no reason to doubt," said the captain, reflectively reviewing the case after hearing him through, "that Willmarth would have been quite capable of doing what you have told me. He had the reputation of being a hard man, liable to get the best of anyone or later of every one who had dealings with him. And it seems not unlikely that this old rival McGaffrey, who, from what I can learn about him, appears to have been a sort of combination bill collector, process server, notary and all around rogue 18 or 20 years ago, should have been his accomplice in such an easy and profitable job. It is true we are watching the old fellow, but I may as well admit to you frankly that there is nothing in sight as yet to connect him personally with the murder. His interest clearly was in the money he expected to receive. But it is not impossible that some other person—perhaps someone closely associated with him—might have had knowledge of his expectation that the banker would come up there that night with a large sum of money in his clothes. I don't mind telling you confidentially that we know Mr. Willmarth did have in his possession when last seen alive \$3,000, which has disappeared."

"A pretty good haul for the thief!" "Yes, looks so. But it will not do him much good, I guess. I don't see any objection to your talking with McGaffrey, only I must request that you will not let anybody else know where to find him until we get through with him. The assistance of our well meaning young friends of the press is not desired just at present."

Mr. Latham readily gave the desired promise, and in return was supplied with the address of the man he had so persistently and vainly sought. Mr. Michael McGaffrey's lack of personal attractions was never more conspicuous than when John Latham found him that night. His curiosity and alarm had been vividly aroused by Kitty's report of the extraordinary conditions prevailing in and about the Willmarth residence when she carried his letter there, and he made it his business to learn as soon as possible what had been going on.

"Get me a morning paper, Kitty, dear," he cried. "If there's any bad luck, sure that's the likeliest place to find out about it."

The first bold, black headline that caught his eye when he nervously clutched the paper astounded and terrified him—"Banker Willmarth Murdered!"

It flashed upon him instantaneously that his unlucky letter, having fallen into the hands of the police, would be certain to provoke an inquiry into his relations with the man now dead, and how far suspicion might attach to him as a party concerned in the banker's untimely taking off he did not dare even to conjecture. Of course that latter fear had little ground, for the very fact of his sending the letter was in itself an evidence of the absence of guilty knowledge from his mind, but he did not find content in that reasoning. There was much in his life that he did not want exposed to the hazards of official question, even in an incidental way.

"You never know what them devils of lawyers will spring on ye," he was wont to say.

Perhaps the latter would be looked upon as only a shallow attempt to manufacture circumstantial evidence for the diverting of justifiable suspicion from him. More violent perquisitions of fact had been known. He would have taken to flight and disappeared for another 18 years if he had dared to make a move, but the instinctive sense of the born criminal warned him that he could only prejudice his case by trying to get away, as he would not be allowed to escape.

Hour after hour he sat with his elbows on the bare table, where he had waited and cursed the night before, reading and ruminating the meager account of the horrible deed which seemed to fascinate his sight, taking frequent sips from a black bottle at his elbow to keep his courage up, and quaking at the sound of every footfall on the stairs outside for fear it was the tread of an officer. At length, worn out and dizzy from the spirits he had drunk, he threw himself upon a cot in an adjoining room and slept. When John Latham entered, they waked him up, and he came forth, dazed, grimy, red-eyed and trembling.

In his demoralized condition the old rogue was an easy prey for the astute young lawyer, whose whole heart and mental energies were enlisted in the winning of the case he had undertaken "for love." And as the situation seemed to Mr. McGaffrey before, it was worse now. The last comforting assurance the black bottle had given him was to the effect that if forced upon the witness stand he might be able to lie out of his difficulty and continue to hide the real nature of the transaction between Dick Willmarth and himself. But that was beyond hope now, since the facts were known to this particularly dangerous looking representative of the profession for which he had the liveliest dread. And John went at him mercilessly, threatening criminal prosecution for his complicity in the Hall conspiracy, throwing out dark hints of holding him accountable for the Willmarth murder, promising to have him "turned inside out before a jury," until his old brain fairly whirled with confusion and fear.

"Oh!" he whined, his browg increasing under the influence of his mental perturbation. "Owd an wake as I am, it'd be the death aw me to be baited aw badgered by thin lawyers, an made to talk about the many years I've been well knownst in the way Dick Willmarth robbed Abner Hall, an how I've kept the paper they draw'd up an trusted with me, an how I've made Dick come down with it, an all that. Sure I might as well send for the praste at once an lie down in me coffin."

"If you give up that paper and make full confession to me now, I will engage to protect you from prosecution in that affair and defend you if you are suspected of planning the murder, or I should better say when you are arrested, for of course you understand you are suspected now."

"I'll take me Bible oath I know no more about it than the child unborn."

"Well, we won't discuss that now. Perhaps I can do a good deal toward diverting suspicion from you anyway. And I think I could even keep you from being called to the witness stand, or if you have to appear there, can have it so arranged that you will not be asked to tell anything more than that you had some business with Mr. Willmarth, expected to see him last night, and he did not come. But you must first clear yourself to me—right."

"I don't want to give up the paper."



B.L.

Tobacco

ALWAYS STANDARD

"Get me a morning paper, Kitty, dear," he cried. "If there's any bad luck, sure that's the likeliest place to find out about it."

The first bold, black headline that caught his eye when he nervously clutched the paper astounded and terrified him—"Banker Willmarth Murdered!"

It flashed upon him instantaneously that his unlucky letter, having fallen into the hands of the police, would be certain to provoke an inquiry into his relations with the man now dead, and how far suspicion might attach to him as a party concerned in the banker's untimely taking off he did not dare even to conjecture. Of course that latter fear had little ground, for the very fact of his sending the letter was in itself an evidence of the absence of guilty knowledge from his mind, but he did not find content in that reasoning. There was much in his life that he did not want exposed to the hazards of official question, even in an incidental way.

"You never know what them devils of lawyers will spring on ye," he was wont to say.

Perhaps the latter would be looked upon as only a shallow attempt to manufacture circumstantial evidence for the diverting of justifiable suspicion from him. More violent perquisitions of fact had been known. He would have taken to flight and disappeared for another 18 years if he had dared to make a move, but the instinctive sense of the born criminal warned him that he could only prejudice his case by trying to get away, as he would not be allowed to escape.

Hour after hour he sat with his elbows on the bare table, where he had waited and cursed the night before, reading and ruminating the meager account of the horrible deed which seemed to fascinate his sight, taking frequent sips from a black bottle at his elbow to keep his courage up, and quaking at the sound of every footfall on the stairs outside for fear it was the tread of an officer. At length, worn out and dizzy from the spirits he had drunk, he threw himself upon a cot in an adjoining room and slept. When John Latham entered, they waked him up, and he came forth, dazed, grimy, red-eyed and trembling.

In his demoralized condition the old rogue was an easy prey for the astute young lawyer, whose whole heart and mental energies were enlisted in the winning of the case he had undertaken "for love." And as the situation seemed to Mr. McGaffrey before, it was worse now. The last comforting assurance the black bottle had given him was to the effect that if forced upon the witness stand he might be able to lie out of his difficulty and continue to hide the real nature of the transaction between Dick Willmarth and himself. But that was beyond hope now, since the facts were known to this particularly dangerous looking representative of the profession for which he had the liveliest dread. And John went at him mercilessly, threatening criminal prosecution for his complicity in the Hall conspiracy, throwing out dark hints of holding him accountable for the Willmarth murder, promising to have him "turned inside out before a jury," until his old brain fairly whirled with confusion and fear.

"Oh!" he whined, his browg increasing under the influence of his mental perturbation. "Owd an wake as I am, it'd be the death aw me to be baited aw badgered by thin lawyers, an made to talk about the many years I've been well knownst in the way Dick Willmarth robbed Abner Hall, an how I've kept the paper they draw'd up an trusted with me, an how I've made Dick come down with it, an all that. Sure I might as well send for the praste at once an lie down in me coffin."

"If you give up that paper and make full confession to me now, I will engage to protect you from prosecution in that affair and defend you if you are suspected of planning the murder, or I should better say when you are arrested, for of course you understand you are suspected now."

"I'll take me Bible oath I know no more about it than the child unborn."

"Well, we won't discuss that now. Perhaps I can do a good deal toward diverting suspicion from you anyway. And I think I could even keep you from being called to the witness stand, or if you have to appear there, can have it so arranged that you will not be asked to tell anything more than that you had some business with Mr. Willmarth, expected to see him last night, and he did not come. But you must first clear yourself to me—right."

"I don't want to give up the paper."

The Housekeepers' Joy.

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

A choice cake of Olive Oil Soap will be found in each package of IVORINE Washing Powder.

"If you don't, I will have it dragged out of your possession in court, and you'll never draw breath outside of a prison again as long as you live. Take your choice. You can't get away, you know, for you are watched every minute by the police, and the first step you take to escape will be the signal for your arrest."

"Oh, sir, are they really watching me?"

"Yes, upon my honor. I met a man at the foot of the stairs whom I knew to be an officer in plain clothes, and there are others in the neighborhood. I know it."

His signature was almost illegible.

know it. If you do not do as I tell you now, you will be put on the witness stand, whether it kills you or not, and once there I should not wonder if you would have to answer a good many ugly questions about other things than the Hall affair. Your record has a good many shady spots in it."

"Oh, indeed, sir, there are none," protested the old man in evident alarm. "Sure, me life has been as innocent as a free from harum as a baby's, harrin this one little matter that I allowed myself to be persuaded into sayin' nothin' about until now. But, for the love of heaven, sir, don't set the lawyers on me. I'm only a poor old man, an they'd rattle me so it'd be the death aw me."

"Give up the paper then and confess."



(Continued from 4th page)

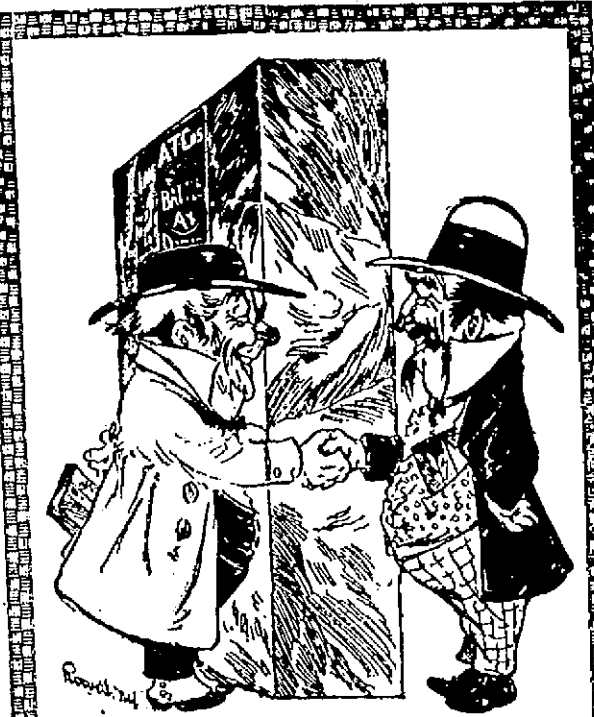
## THE WEEK'S NEWS.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 12.**  
 Republican platform will declare  
 against free coinage of silver and for  
 "good money"—Ex-Judge Isaac H.  
 Maynard dropped dead at Albany—  
 Argentine house of deputies exempts  
 from duties machinery destined for min-  
 ing purposes—Three Phillipsdale (R.  
 I.) operatives drank wood alcohol, with  
 fatal effect upon one of their number  
 —Ex-Governor Chamberlain of South  
 Carolina delivered a bitter address  
 against sectarian schools—Hill pre-  
 paring a scheme to prevent the disrup-  
 tion of the Democratic party—Colonel  
 Morrison says he expects to see the two  
 old parties hold together—Ten thou-  
 sand tailors in New York city to strike  
 July 1 against the sweating system—  
 Actress Lizzy Weston today wedded a  
 wealthy New York business man—  
 Two missing girls of Middletown, N.  
 H., seen in Concord, N. H.—  
 Wrenn and Hobart won the  
 middle states tennis doubles—  
 Turkey seized a Greek vessel—Harry  
 Leroy, a Woburn (Mass.) plumber, re-  
 ported missing—Hawaiian government  
 proposes to refund its indebtedness—  
 British Chambers of Commerce condemn  
 for sound signals—Six warships gave  
 a searchlight drill off Staten Island—  
 Austria to raise its minister at Wash-  
 ington to rank of ambassador—Mormon  
 settlers in northern Mexico desire to  
 trade across the line—President Egbert  
 C. Smyth of America (Mass.) theological  
 seminary re-elected—Permanent ex-  
 hibit of American goods in Venezuela to  
 be established—Nonantum Worsted  
 company of Newton, Mass., made an as-  
 signment—Gil Blue, a Paris newspaper,  
 advises Spain to end the war in Cuba by  
 concessions to the rebels—Statistics  
 seem to prove that the free silver men  
 will be unable to control the Chicago con-  
 vention—Daniel Dooley, 60 years of  
 age, had his ankle broken by stepping on  
 two dogs that were fighting at Boston.

**SUNDAY, JUNE 13.**  
 Woburn (Mass.) citizens indignant  
 over the failure to obtain a hearing be-  
 fore the admission of that city, requested  
 in order to protest against the fighting  
 professional race in New York—At-  
 tempt made in Newton, Mass., to set fire  
 to a building containing 350 barrels of  
 kerosene—Yale nine outplayed the  
 Princeton on Manhattan field and tied  
 the series—Hobart beat Wrenn for the  
 middle states tennis championship—De  
 Oro defeated Eby in the championship  
 pool match—Meeting of the corpora-  
 tion of Park street church, Boston, called  
 to consider relations between the church  
 and its pastor—Morton met her first de-  
 feat in the Southwestern register—Ex-  
 Governor Tolch of Michigan is dead—  
 Harvard nine easily defeated Cornell—  
 Ex-President James Donovan of the  
 Boston Democratic city committee to be  
 tried for an alleged violation of the elec-  
 tion laws—President Cleveland pre-  
 paring a sound money letter—Senator  
 Althoff, Portuguese minister of the  
 colonies, is dead. He was born in 1831.  
 He was a poet, and published several  
 volumes of verse—British tank steamer  
 Duffield, from Philadelphia, grounded at  
 Quilbeour, on the Seine, and was com-  
 pelled to jettison 400 tons of its cargo—  
 A child, Francis and Goldie Morgan,  
 two-year-old girls who ran away from  
 their homes in Middletown, N. Y., ar-  
 rested at Boston—John and William  
 Dunn, twin brothers, aged 19, arrested  
 at Boston while committing highway  
 robbery—Captain J. M. Richardson,  
 aged 51, superintendent of the first dis-  
 trict, United States lifesaving station,  
 died at Rockland, Me.—Exports of  
 specie from the port of New York last  
 week amounted to \$2,435,538 in gold,  
 and \$763,340 in silver. Imports were: Gold,  
 \$143,263; silver, \$32,212—Eagle and  
 Phoenix cotton mills of Columbus, Ga.,  
 in the hands of receivers.

**MONDAY, JUNE 15.**  
 Arrival at St. Louis of the McKinley  
 lounge of the St. Louis of New York—New  
 York Central labor union under the  
 New York labor organization objects  
 to "Uncle Sam's" Marine band compet-  
 ing with civilian musicians—Firemen's  
 Memorial day observed by veterans' as-  
 sociations of Boston and other places  
 —Caney and Dunne of Brooklyn won  
 the hand ball match with Carney and  
 Keegan of Chicago—Edmond Blaine's  
 Arrau won the race for the grand prize  
 de Paris—Monument to Marcus A.  
 Perkins, dead chief of fire department,  
 unveiled at Braintree, Mass.—Bendure  
 wants a new treaty with the United  
 States—City marshal of Hildeford  
 Smith of the New York Edison Electric  
 Light company badly injured by a fall  
 from a hayrack—Suspected case of  
 poisoning in Essex Falls, Me.—Rev. C.  
 B. Bacon, pastor of the First Baptist  
 church, Chelsea, Mass.—Attempt to en-  
 force prohibitory law in Lewiston, Me.,  
 followed by a carnival of drunkenness—  
 New York tailors to strike against  
 the sweating system—Steamer Catalina  
 beat her own record by crossing in  
 9 days and 16 minutes.

**TUESDAY, JUNE 16.**  
 Platt won the fight in the New York  
 delegation at St. Louis—Silver de-  
 legation at St. Louis will oppose a straddle  
 platform in hope that the Democrats  
 will go for free silver if the Republi-  
 cans oppose it—New York bank president  
 shot in his office by a stranger, who also  
 shot himself—Lower currency plan  
 drawn by Senator Allison—Opening of  
 Peffer investigation into recent bond in-  
 sures—Convention of boot and shoe  
 workers opened in Boston—Canvass  
 of delegates at St. Louis shows about 600  
 votes for gold—St. Louis city organiza-  
 tions paraded in honor of Chauncey I.  
 Filley—Property of Arnold B. Sanford  
 in Fall River, Mass., attached by CITI-  
 zens' Savings Bank of New Bedford and  
 Fall River Savings bank—Severe  
 earthquake in Arequipa, a province of  
 Peru—Wilton Randolph of the Vir-  
 ginia family died in New York—Consul  
 General Williams returns from Cuba—  
 Favorites won all of the races at Graves-  
 end—Harvard variety crew beat the  
 freshmen crew in a two-mile race—  
 One of the Providence jewelry store bur-  
 glars captured—The Yale crew arrived  
 in England—Governor of Crete to issue  
 a new proclamation—Cuban insurgent  
 treasurer in Puerto Principe stole \$50,000  
 or more—Patrick Lorden committed  
 suicide at South Boston—Electric  
 elevated railway has opened for traffic  
 in Chicago—Autonomist party no  
 longer representative of Cuba—Cretan  
 revolutionists again in arms against the  
 Turks—Canadian sealers report  
 smaller catches than in former years—  
 Six hundred Armenians arrested—  
 Cornelius P. Sullivan, a well-known  
 member of the Boston Elks association—Crop-  
 prices circulated by speculators and rail-  
 road officials are at variance—Mc-  
 Donald, the tobacco manufacturer, offers  
 nearly \$1,000,000 to McGill university—  
 At Tinkers Island, Me., Alexander  
 Daves stumbled, and a charge from a  
 gun went through his neck, causing in-  
 stant death—Farker Taylor fell from  
 a skiff at Nahsua, N. H., and was  
 killed—Joseph J. Jaraiz of Nahsua, N.  
 H., was run over by a freight car and  
 probably fatally injured—Joseph B.  
 Robinson, an elevator boy at Boston,



The Governor of North Carolina said  
 to the Governor of South Carolina

## Battle Ax PLUG

"BATTLE AX" is the most tobacco,  
 of the best quality, for the least money.  
 Large quantities reduce the cost of  
 manufacture, the result going to the con-  
 sumer in the shape of a larger piece, for  
 less money, than was ever before possible.

was instantly killed, while leaning out  
 of the car—Mrs. Robert Crockett was  
 seriously, if not fatally, burned at An-  
 dover, Mass.—Herr Wissner, a former  
 member of the Reichstag, committed sui-  
 cide in jail at Erfurt, Ger.—Representa-  
 tive Jon Abbott of Texas received  
 severe injuries while "shooting the  
 chute" at Washington—The First Na-  
 tional bank of Cheyenne, Wash., has  
 suspended payment.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.**  
 A gold platform was adopted by the  
 national Republican convention—Gen-  
 eral Bradley T. Johnson missing in  
 Cuba—Artist Dawley again arrested  
 and released—Growing weakness of  
 the Spaniards in Cuba—Thirty-eight  
 filibusters sailed for Cuba from Miami,  
 Fla., with arms, cartridges and dynamite  
 —Belief at St. Louis that the ticket  
 will be McKinley and Morton—Con-  
 gressman W. W. Groat renominated at  
 the Republican convention at Mont-  
 pellier, Vt.—Delaware Democrats de-  
 clare for the gold standard—Shout-  
 ing in the accounts of Westmoreland  
 Bay of Atlantic City, N. J.—Cornelius  
 Vanderbilt, Jr., sick and his wedding  
 may have to be postponed—H. B.  
 Beecher, son of the late Rev. Henry  
 Ward Beecher, on trial in New York for  
 forgery—Free silver speeches at Port-  
 land—Maine Democrats at Portland  
 —Democrats of Maine Fourth and  
 Third districts adopted free silver plat-  
 forms—Eight business failures at  
 Watertown, Tenn., caused by the clos-  
 ing of the bank there—Venezuelan po-  
 litical exiles may return to their homes  
 in safety—Fear that yacht Sagitta,  
 with eight persons on board, has been  
 lost—Arnold B. Sanford of Fall River,  
 Mass., charged with intent to defraud  
 creditors—Prices of linseed oil to be  
 advanced and maintained—Internat-  
 ional Machinists' association to request  
 congress to raise the pay of machinists  
 in the navy—E. A. Parsons, on trial  
 for murder at Waterbury, Conn., pleads  
 insanity—Harvard crews having  
 trouble with their food at Poughkeepsie,  
 N. Y.—Handspring won the \$10,000  
 Brooklyn Derby at Gravesend—Cen-  
 tennial celebration of the settlement of  
 the town of Alton, N. H.—Dixon and  
 Flaherty fought a 20-round draw at Bos-  
 ton—Cooper beat Bald in a half-mile  
 race at Utica, N. Y.—Harvard students  
 will hereafter celebrate athletic victo-  
 ries with bonfires on Moines field—Big  
 labor demonstration at Brockton, Mass.  
 —Schroeder's Emerald boat schooner  
 Colonia in the Atlantic Y. C. regatta.

**THURSDAY, JUNE 18.**  
 Hanna working hard against Morton  
 for the vice presidency, and in favor of  
 Hobart of New Jersey—Wedding of  
 Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Wilson post-  
 poned—Morton's friends urged him to  
 let his name be used for the vice presi-  
 dential nomination—Cegans make an  
 appeal to the United States—Incursion  
 into British Guiana by Venezuelan  
 troops—British steamship Drummond  
 Castle goes down and 220 lives lost—  
 W. L. Elkins, the Philadelphia street car  
 millionaire, says he has not sold any of  
 his stock in New York and Philadelphia  
 traction companies—Bertha Hoffsta, 3  
 years old, burned to death at Somerville,  
 Mass., by fireworks—During the celebra-  
 tion—Mrs. John Sylvester of Belfast,  
 Me., made two attempts to commit sui-  
 cide—French and Spanish merchants  
 in the City of Mexico buy out the English  
 control of the Bank of London and Mex-  
 ico—Gold men victorious in the Maine  
 Democratic state convention—Edward  
 B. Winslow nominated for governor—  
 Dominico Placillo sent to jail for 10  
 years for burglary at Providence—  
 Troupe of women cyclists stranded at  
 Providence—Manchester, N. H., to ad-  
 vertise \$150,000 bridge bonds for sale—  
 St. Maxim beat Keenan in the Brook-  
 dale handicap at Gravesend—Hopkin-  
 son won the women's tournament at P-a-  
 body, Mass.—General Bradley T. John-  
 son escaped from a train wrecked by  
 dynamite by Cuban insurgents—  
 Steamer Commodore left Charleston  
 with arms and ammunition for Cuban  
 insurgents—Spanish General Casti-  
 lano praises Gomez's men for bravery  
 in the recent action—Cuban insurgent  
 chief Bermudez dead—Fitzhugh L. L.  
 not liked by Spanish authorities in Cu-  
 ba—Barcelona bomb throwers to be par-  
 doned if they will serve against Cuban  
 insurgents.

**FRIDAY, JUNE 19.**  
 Nomination of McKinley and Hobart  
 by Republican convention at St. Louis  
 —Venezuelans and British soldiers re-  
 ported fighting at Maracaibo, a front-

station in disputed Guiana territory—  
 News of the massacre of Marquis de  
 Mores and his expedition confirmed—  
 Aaron Clark of Huxton, Me., nomi-  
 nated for congress by Prohibitionists in  
 Reed's district—August Belmont and  
 others examined by senate special com-  
 mittee on Peffer bond investigation—  
 University of Wisconsin crew defeated  
 the Yale freshman crew—Insurance  
 Commissioner Merrill says the American  
 Wheelmen's Protective association of  
 Chicago cannot involuntarily insure against  
 bicycle stealing in Massachusetts—  
 Princeton defeated Harvard in their de-  
 ciding baseball game—Leading silver-  
 mines bolted from the Republican national  
 convention—Maher defeated Blavin in  
 four rounds in New York—Salvado and  
 Margrave won the Gravesend end stakes  
 —Two boys drowned in West Bridge-  
 water, Mass.—Granite State Provident  
 association scandal at Manchester, N.  
 H., revived by charges of mismanage-  
 ment against Secretary Morse—New  
 Baptist church in Somerville, Mass.,  
 dedicated—Chesapeake and Ohio canal  
 not to be sold—Native outbreak re-  
 ported from Batavia—The B. R.  
 James Gonzalez thinks Venezuela would  
 Great Britain in an apology—The Madrid  
 Epoca claims that three European  
 powers may agree to send Spain in the  
 West Indies—At least 240 persons  
 thought to have perished on the British  
 steamship Drummond Castle.

**Liberal Requests.**  
 Lowell, Mass., June 17.—By the will  
 of the late Hapgood Wright of this city,  
 which was filed in the probate court yester-  
 day, \$50,000 in public bequests be-  
 came known. These bequests are as fol-  
 lows: City of Lowell, \$40,000; Ameri-  
 can Unitarian association, Boston, \$10,  
 000; the ministry at large of Lowell,  
 \$10,000; the home for women and chil-  
 dren, Lowell, and the Old Ladies' home,  
 Lowell, \$10,000 each.

**WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN.**  
 Boston, June 16.—The following weather-  
 crop bulletin is issued by the United  
 States agricultural bureau, New Eng-  
 land section, J. Warren Smith, Director:  
 The weather in New England for the  
 week ending June 15 has given plenty of  
 rain, but a deficiency of heat and sun-  
 shine. A light frost prevailed in north-  
 ern counties on the morning of the 14th,  
 and also on the 15th, but no damage has  
 been reported. Corn has made but very  
 little growth during the week, but nearly  
 all other crops have done well, and  
 grain generally has been delayed by the  
 wet weather. Heavy rain fell in the  
 north on the 5th, and in the south on the  
 14th, and the ground is everywhere well  
 saturated.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the corporation of the City of  
 Newport, Rhode Island, will be held in the  
 City Hall, on Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of electing a Mayor  
 and City Council, to serve for the year ending  
 June 21, 1897.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

Mr. Affable (to servant girl, who has  
 just entered a new family). "I sup-  
 pose, Mary, you find it very nice to live  
 in a family of Catholics?"  
 Mary. "Not when they are such de-  
 voted Catholics as to observe even  
 Fridays in a week, and eat fish at  
 each meal every day."

The lawyer's is a questionable pro-  
 fession.  
**New Advertisements.**

At the Court of Probate, of the City of  
 Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on  
 Monday, the 15th day of June, A. D.  
 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.  
**ON THE PETITION**, in writing, of Jefferson  
 Morrison, of said Newport, presented this  
 day, praying that an instrument in writing  
 purporting to be the last will and testa-  
 ment of **SARAH H. BUTTERFIELD**, late  
 of Newport, deceased, may be proved, ap-  
 proved, allowed and recorded, and that let-  
 ters testamentary be issued to said deceased  
 may be granted to him, the Executor named  
 therein:  
 It is ordered that the consideration of said  
 petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day  
 of July, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the  
 Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and  
 that notice thereof be given to all persons  
 interested, by advertisement in the *Newport  
 Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen  
 days.  
 W. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate, of the City of  
 Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on  
 Monday, the 15th day of June, A. D.  
 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.  
**ON THE PETITION**, in writing, of John H.  
 Davis and others, presented this day, pray-  
 ing that an instrument in writing purporting  
 to be the last will and testament of  
**AMELIA WHITING DAVIS**, late  
 of Newport, deceased, may be proved, ap-  
 proved, allowed and recorded, and that let-  
 ters testamentary be issued to said deceased  
 may be granted to said John H. Davis, the  
 Executor named therein:  
 It is ordered that the consideration of said  
 petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day  
 of July, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the  
 Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and  
 that notice thereof be given to all persons  
 interested, by advertisement in the *Newport  
 Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen  
 days.  
 W. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
 THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed  
 by the Honorable Court of Probate of  
 Newport, R. I., Executor of the last will and  
 testament of **MARTIN BILZ**, late of said  
 Newport, deceased, and having been qual-  
 ified according to law, I hereby give notice  
 to all persons claiming against the estate of said  
 deceased to present them to him, or file the  
 same in the office of the Clerk of said Court  
 within six months from the date hereof, and  
 those indebted to make payment to him.  
 STEPHEN BILZ, Executor.  
 Newport, R. I., June 19th, 1896.

At the Court of Probate, of the City of  
 Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on  
 Monday, the 15th day of June, A. D.  
 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M.  
**ON THE PETITION**, in writing, of Catherine  
 Donovan, presented this day, praying that  
 an instrument in writing purporting to be the  
 last will and testament of **MICHAEL DONOVAN**, late  
 of Newport, deceased, may be proved, ap-  
 proved, allowed and recorded, and that let-  
 ters testamentary be issued to said deceased  
 may be granted to her, the Executrix named  
 therein:  
 It is ordered that the consideration of said  
 petition be referred to Monday, the 22nd day  
 of June, 1896, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the  
 Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and  
 that notice thereof be given to all persons  
 interested, by advertisement in the *Newport  
 Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen  
 days.  
 W. H. HAMMETT, Probate Clerk.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
 THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed  
 by the Honorable Court of Probate of  
 Newport, R. I., Administrator on the estate in  
 Rhode Island of **ELIZABETH FAIRBANKS**, late  
 of New Bedford, Massachusetts, deceased,  
 and having been qualified according to law,  
 requests all persons having claims against  
 said estate to present them to him, or file the  
 same in the office of the Clerk of said Court  
 within six months from the date hereof, and  
 those indebted to make payment to him.  
 J. H. FAIRBANKS, Administrator.  
 Newport, R. I., June 19th, 1896.

**GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.**  
 THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly ap-  
 pointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of  
 the City of Newport, Guardian of the persons  
 and estates of **MICHAEL BILZ**, late of New-  
 port, deceased, and **JOANNA BILZ**, minor of New-  
 port, hereby gives notice to all persons  
 claiming against the estate of said deceased  
 to present them to him, or file the same in  
 the office of the Clerk of said Court within  
 six months from the date hereof, and those  
 indebted to make payment to him.  
 J. H. BILZ, Guardian.  
 Newport, R. I., May 23rd, 1896.

**GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.**  
 THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed  
 by the Court of Probate of the City of New-  
 port, R. I., Guardian of the person and  
 estate of **MARY L. WILLIAMS**, widow,  
 a person of full age, residing in said city,  
 and having been qualified according to law,  
 requests all persons having claims against  
 said estate to present them to him, or file the  
 same in the office of the Clerk of said Court  
 within six months from the date hereof, and  
 those indebted to make payment to him.  
 J. H. WILLIAMS, Guardian.  
 Middletown, R. I., May 23rd, 1896.

**NOTICE.**  
 A MEETING of the corporation of the City of  
 Newport, Rhode Island, will be held in the  
 City Hall, on Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of electing a Mayor  
 and City Council, to serve for the year ending  
 June 21, 1897.

**D. L. CUMMINGS.**  
 NEWPORT, R. I.  
 THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

**Fine Watch  
French Clock**  
 Repairing a Specialty.  
 We also repair  
**Jewelry.**  
**Music Boxes,**  
**Umbrellas,**  
**FANS, CARBS, &c.**  
 NEWPORT, R. I.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

**THE CITY OF NEWPORT.**  
 A MEETING of the Board of License  
 Commissioners of the City of Newport, Rhode  
 Island, will be held in the City Hall, on  
 Monday, June 20, 1896, at 10 o'clock  
 A. M., for the purpose of receiving applica-  
 tions for licenses for the year ending June  
 21, 1897.

## THE BROWN STONE.

We have just received a car load of  
**Minneapolis Flour Manf'g Co's**  
**\* DIAMOND \* MEDAL \***  
 It is made at Minneapolis, Minnesota, from the very best  
 quality of

**HARD WHEAT**  
 and in order to obtain the best results it requires more  
 kneading than flour made from softer wheat.

Price per barrel - \$4.65  
 Dry the flour and knead it well and you will have  
 The Best Bread in the World.

Samples of this Flour given FREE at our store.  
**P. H. HORGAN,**  
 TELEPHONE. 224 THAMES STREET.

**New Advertisements.**

**CLOSING SALE.**

**A LARGE LINE OF  
Youth's Suits**  
 to close at  
**FIVE DOLLARS  
PER SUIT,**  
 former prices ranging from  
**TWELVE  
Fifteen Dollars.**  
 —TO—  
**John E. Seabury,**  
 Agent.  
 May 8th, 1896.

**JUST RECEIVED**  
 a large stock of  
**NECK  
WEAR**  
 FOR THE  
**HOLIDAYS**  
 In all the new Shapes.  
**JAMES P. TAYLOR**  
 189 THAMES STREET,  
 Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co.  
 Clothing.

**NEW STOCK.**  
**CARPETS,**  
**OIL CLOTH**  
**LINOLEUM,**  
**RUGS, MAT**  
**ART SQUARES,**  
**WALL PAPER**  
 —AND—  
**WINDOW SHADE**  
 Standard Goods at Low Prices  
**W. C. Cozzens & Co.**  
 138 Thames St.

**We Are Always H**  
 If we sell you jewelry of any kind  
 and you find anything wrong with  
 it for any reason, we will give you  
 the complaint. We tell you just  
 what we think the quality is, and  
 if you find it different, the loss is ours.  
 That is true—no matter what you buy.

**Watches.**  
 The biggest line in the city and for  
**\$2.50 up.**  
**Table Silver Wa**  
 New patterns just received, in  
**SPOONS, FORK**  
 and small ware.  
**Novelties**  
 two worth-mentions, at  
**DENHAM'S**  
 TH. DE KLER, 275 Thames St.

**Latest Spring Styles**  
 —OF—  
**Boots & Shoes,**  
 —IN—  
 Calf, Russet,  
 Patent Leather and  
 Enameled Leather.  
**The T Mumford Seabury Co.,**  
 214 THAMES STREET.

**Lection Hams.**  
 Leave your orders early for one of  
 those small lean Armour Hams at 11  
 cents a pound.  
 Also for your Cold Lunches, Rel-  
 ishes, Sardines, Pickles, Olives,  
 Fancy Biscuits, &c.  
 A few special prices in Canned  
 Goods and Evaporated Fruits, at  
**L. BURNARD, JR'S**  
 271 THAMES STREET.  
 TELEPHONE

**Table Silver Wa**  
 New patterns just received, in  
**SPOONS, FORK**  
 and small ware.  
**Novelties**  
 two worth-mentions, at  
**DENHAM'S**  
 TH. DE KLER, 275 Thames St.

**Table Silver Wa**  
 New patterns just received, in  
**SPOONS, FORK**  
 and small ware.  
**Novelties**  
 two worth-mentions, at  
**DENHAM'S**  
 TH. DE KLER, 275 Thames St.



**"The kind that suits."**

When you are thirsty a glass of  
 Williams' Root Beer, so sparkling  
 and full of life, touches the right  
 spot. You can drink all you wish  
 without harm. Being made from  
 choicest roots and herbs, it aids diges-  
 tion and promotes health. Don't be in-  
 duced to accept any other kind called  
 "just as good." Insist on having

**Williams' Root Beer**  
 WILLIAMS & CARLETON CO., MFGS.  
 Hartford, Conn.

## Poetry.

## The River.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I run a river flowing from God's sea  
Through desolate ways. I mapped my course  
I cannot change it; mine alone the toll  
To keep the waters free from gloom and soil.  
The winding river ends where it began,  
And when my life has come to its last  
I must return to that mysterious source.  
So let me gather daily on my course,  
The peace, the joy, the bloom, the light,  
From the pits and healing from the  
grass,  
And carry down my current as I go  
For common things that precious gems to show  
And give the body water from God's eyes  
Back to God's sea, which from all rivers flows,  
Let me convey, not blood from wounds  
Hearts,  
Nor pollen which the upas tree imparts  
When over flowers I pass with joy.  
Let me not deviate from my course,  
But rather lead the river to the light.  
Mine be the lot to comfort and delight  
And down a valley I need must keep,  
Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep  
On bravely to the end without fear,  
Knowing that He who planned my way  
stands near.  
Lead me on, forth, to the sea again,  
For Love is all and over all. Amen.

## Selected Tale.

TRACKED BY A BICYCLE.

BY LUKE SHARPE.

Rogers fell a victim to his enthusiasm for the new wheel. Added to the ecstasy of the devoted cyclist, was also the passion of the inventor. Rogers had plenty of money, and so could indulge his fads. He had an ingenious brain, and consequently when his orator was photographed he invented several perfectly unworkable cameras; and now that he had taken up cycling with all the fervor of youth, he had naturally concocted many improvements, so-called, upon the machine.

The wheel upon which he was now mounted was practically his own invention. It was exceedingly light and strong, the framework being made of aluminum and his pneumatic tire had a covering which he was positive would make it absolutely non-slipping. A celebrated rubber manufacturer, who Rogers had constructed a tire, faithfully following Rogers' designs, at tremendous cost, and now the young man was for the first time mounted on his new machine, finding, to his delight, that it worked beautifully.

In his eagerness to test the machine fully he went further afield than he had intended and he found himself tired when he reached the fork in the road, where it branched off in three directions with never a finger post to guide the bewildered traveler.

Night was coming on rapidly and earlier than the season called for, because the clouds hung low in the sky, and the weather seemed threatening. Rogers had come too far to return home that night. He knew in a vague way that he had better find a place to stay, but he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him and his lamp, a new one, was still empty. He was completely at a loss, and he was too tired to think of it. He was within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one about that would answer from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most direct, but after he had gone a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

## BOSS BAKING POWDER

Economy, Health and Satisfactory Results attend its use.

C. D. BOSS &amp; SON, New London, Conn.

and, yearning for the comforts of home the young man pushed on with a determination to make a final effort to reach civilization of some sort.

Shortly after leaving the grove he came to a gateway that evidently led to a house. As there was no porter's lodge he pushed open the gate, and to his surprise found that the house could not be a very important one, and that perhaps the inmates would not resent being aroused at that untimely hour to give shelter to a weary fellow creature. Pushing open the gate, he wheeled his machine into the avenue and after a moment's tramping along the winding road, saw before him the bulk of a large country house with numerous outbuildings, and what was more to the purpose, a light still burning in the windows of what was apparently the kitchen. He was cheered by the thought that perhaps some of the servants were sitting up late.

Climbing to a gate that led to the kitchen door, he entered it. Passing a shed he saw, partly by the watery moonlight, and partly by the light from the kitchen, two bicycles in a corner of the shed. He placed his own beside them, and, tired as he was, he looked with an expert's eye at the two other machines. They were of an old pattern and did not have pneumatic tires. He was astonished that such machines should belong to a house so pretentious as the one he was about to enter, but gave no particular thought to the matter at the time. A moment later he knocked at the kitchen door. He thought he heard voices within just before he knocked, but now there was intense silence, and no response was made to his demand for admittance. After waiting a reasonable time he raised his hand to knock once again, when the door was cautiously opened a few inches and a man peered out at him.

"What do you want?" said the man in a hoarse whisper, and, seeing Rogers hand still on the knob, added: "Don't wake up everybody; it's late, you know."

Rogers apologized, and said that all he wanted was shelter and something to eat.

"Wait a minute," said the man, and he partially closed the door. Rogers heard a whispered consultation inside, then the door opened and the man said quietly: "Come in."

Rogers entered and saw there were two occupants of the kitchen. One man sat by the table, on which was a huge joint of cold meat, bread and butter, and coffee. This evidence of good cheer was most grateful to the feelings of the cyclist.

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a bit of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by daylight."

"But he won't make a noise. We don't want wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

## They All Do It.

The wanderer had returned after many years, and was inquiring about his old friends.

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."

"Where?" he said, "in the whole and clothing business, I believe."



